

Young - Mans Repentance,

O R, The sorrowful Sinners Lamentation;

Being the last Expressions of a Young-man, who having spent all his time in Pleasure and Jollity, was seriously sorrowful when he came to lye upon his Death-bed, mourning for his mis-spent time, and advising all Young-Men to be mindful of their latter end.

Tune is, *Aim not too high.*

This may be Printed, R. P.



You that have spent your time in wickedness,
Now mind the dying words I shall express;
Do not, like me, abuse your precious time,
Nor waste one moment when you're in your prime.

And do not promise to repent to sorrow,
Least ere it comes you're overtaken with sorrow;
Some are struck dead, you very well do know,
How can you tell but your case may be so.

See how I languish on my Dying-Bed,
To think upon what I have done or led;
But let me now to you a Warning be,
Sin to forsake, and shun iniquity.

Frequent the Church, to which I once was strange
But now repent it, since I now must change

This wicked world, and for my Grave prepare,
To be where blest, or cursed People are.

The sins that once were pleasant unto me,
To my poor Soul sad Comments now they be;
But he that did his Blood for sinners spill,
I hope he will have Mercy on me still.

His Mercies see by no means you abuse,
For Conscience at the last will you accuse
For your misdeeds, and in your Face will lye.
And sing your souls when you shall come to dye.

To others do, as you would be done by,
This Reason is, and Justice certainly,
And pleasant is to our Creators sight,
For he in Justice always takes delight.

Thousands thereby have surely been undone;
And brought themselves to their untimely ends,
To the great grief and sorrow of their friends.

Lead Me on by no means do you come near,
Least so your pleasure you do pay full dear;
That is the Fountain of all Wickedness, and
Will give shame and sorrow to our Native Land.

But Gods commands obey in every thing,
Amongst the Saints then shall you praises sing;
Your Souls be happy when your bodies dye,
And you shall live with Christ eternally.

But now I'm almost ready to depart,
The guilt of Sin doth pierce my tender heart;
I tremble when I think upon the bar
Where God and his dear Son the Judges are.

And if my Saviour do not stand my friend,
On whom my faith and hopes do both depend,
My case will prove but bad, and I shall be
Banish'd his presence to Eternity.

Amongst the wicked ones I shall remain,
In flames to burn, and feel immortal pain;
Blessed God forgive my sins, that I
Be freed from pains that last Eternally.

O let thy sufferings for my sins suffice,
And pardon all my gross iniquities;
That after Death my Soul may live to thee,
And with thy Saints for ever blessed be.

Thy Mercies doth number far exceed
The sins which make my dying heart to bleed;
And therein lies the very bounds and scope,
That thou wilt grant me that for which I hope.

My fainting spirits now I recommend,
Into thy hands, for now my life must end,
And having gained pardon for my sin,
When life doth end, my joys will then begin.

All you that read these Lines when I am dead,
Ponder well the words that I have led;
For without doubt you'll find them to be true,
And so I bid this sinful World adieu.

FINIS.

Printed for J. Back, at the Black-Boy, on London